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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CENTENNIAL DIRGE.

A SONG OF WRONG.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is rumored that Walter, of the *London Times*, is to visit Philadelphia, not for the purpose of seeing the great exhibition, but to arrange for a suitable obituary poem, which he feels the best of men may suddenly need.—"Newspaper extract."

This song was written to supply this want.

As this song begins with immigration by a genuine John Bull, of the "baser sort," and recommends his elevation, and ends with the proposed State inauguration of "Old Governor Nick," it is hoped both Old and New England will be satisfied with the results of their abolition raids.

March, 1877. VIRGINIUS.

CENTENNIAL DIRGE.

A SONG OF WRONG

Joseph Arch
Made a march,
Across the deep blue sea,
To spy the land
For a chosen band,
From the good "Old Countrie."

When he arrived,
The Yankees strived
To put him through a course of sprouts
Phillips spouted,
Beast Butler boasted,
And Boston big-bugs gave their routs.

But Joseph was arch,
If not a match,
For each and all of the Yankee nation;
He ate their pies
And heard their lies,
Then told them they "could beat creation."

Now this was queer,
And strange to hear,
A John Bull using Yankee "ingo;"
So they set a trap
To catch the chap,
And swore they'd use him up "by jingo."

By questions sly,
They pumped him dry
Of his hidden thoughts of the Yankee nation;
"Swindlers and liars,
Base villifiers,"
T o be "Looked out for" in every station.

Looked

Joseph, you're done,
When just begun,
To make some stir among your fellows ;
Go home and dig,
And feed your pig,
And read a book called Æsop's Fables.

The toad and ox
Is orthodox,
With every creed and breed, if civil;
Learn from the toad,
To hold your tongue,
And watch and pray 'gainst thinking evil.

If they speak true
Of yours and you,
Read of the Fox, the Flies, and Swallow ;
With the Fox we pray
Let our gorged set stay,
Don't bring a greedier gang to-morrow.

Old John Brown's raid,
You've no doubt said,
Won the highest place of human glory ;
Go home ! be brave !
Your comrades save,
Put A before B in deathless story.

Its much in pluck,
But more in luck,
Makes murder and rapine public glory,
Be stout of heart,
With the serpent's art,
And stretch a rope, and live in history.

Yankees will try
To magnify
Old John Brown's raid as grand and glorious ;
And this they'll do,
And prove it, too,
When the scent of the skunk gets sweet and odorous.

The U. S. design,
For medal and sign,
Of Washington, 'tween Lincoln and Grant in relief,
Find parallel fact,
To counsel the act,
Of Christ crucified by each side a thief.

This, the same Washington,
Yankees now *lip*-honor;
In Faneuil Hall they made a negro to curse,
Followed by greetings
Of fanatic meetings,
In Liberty cradle "nigger" baby to nurse.

This, the same Washington,
Whose child's hatchet fame won,
When Truth should be spoke without fear of its hurt;
Yankee Puritan eyes
Stare in doubt and surprise,
Then they giggle and wriggle to make low sport.

Lincoln, we pray,
Like the thief in his day,
Did repent and receive his instant reward;
But for the rest,
Least said is the best,
And leave them to God's final award.

The crimes of that date,
That swept o'er the State,
Sowed the North and West winds of pollution;
The country now reaps
The whirlwinds' foul heaps
Of moral and social corruption.

Each Calling and Sect,
Religious 'yclept,
Would fight and devour each other like wolves;
But to steal the "dear nig,"
All call the round jig,
And woo, kiss and mate like loving young doves.

What wonder at crime,
To rob, steal and lie,
Perjury, fraud, murder and suicide,
When two generations
Of basest of nations
Have been begot, and brought up the Truth to deride.

From their mother's milk and pap,
On their mother's knee and lap,
From public and Sunday schools, pulpit and street,
They learn the same faith—
"Not love of the slave,*
But hate of his master" gives good right to steal.

*Wilson, V. P. when in U. S. Senate.

To steal the "nigger" savage
And sell the "nigger" slave,
Would be fair and square, if money was made;
But to steal this sold slave,
That he freedom should have,
Would be all-hailed, when the pillage well paid.

This false education
Sapped the soul of the nation,
Of Justice and Truth, and belief in God,
And sowed seeds of vice,
That sprung up atrice,
And choked all the fruits and fountains of good.

The meek, Thou and Thee, Saint,
Smell of powder would faint,
Grows as savage and stout as a brave,
When he'd harbour and steal,
And unjustly conceal,
From the owner, his lawful "nigger" slave.

Go to! friend shad-belly,
The fight you sked-addle,
On thy sham plea "of love thy enemy;"
But from relentless hate,
You, in soul and purse, mate
With your old Puritan foe in war and robbery.†

Now, thus stands the question:
Shall this "nigger" faction
Bring the black pall of death on this land of the free
To all who stole, and first sold,
To all who bought, and would hold,
Till the "nigger" is sent to his home cross the sea?

By fire and flood,
By plagues, as of old,
God wars with Mammon, chief of all evil;
By money and malice,
And mad suicide,
Man sells and sends his soul to the devil.

What mean the fierce fires,
Of cities and prairies,
So swift and strange, said to fall from a cloud—

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† John Hopkins loaned the Yankee U. S. Government his millions to overrun and rob the Southern people, and soon after dies; and, by will, builds a big school to teach, not military tactics, but Quakerism, or the moral tactics of running with the hare and holding with the hounds.

Men pale with fear,
"Confess for the hour,"
Like Pharoah's magicians—"the finger of God."

What mean the floods East,
Storms and hurricanes West,
The destruction that wasteth at noonday,
The plagues of cattle and herds,
Droughts that burn up the fields,
But faint tokens of the wrath of doomsday?

Swarms of locusts so dread,
The sun's light is hid,
That cover the earth, and eat all that grows;
And other strange insects,
And adulterous sects,
Are curses and plagues not unlike Pharaoh's.

What means insomnia,
That dread, mad malady,
Self-torture before death, by self-murder,
But to teach the great Truth?
"God reigneth on earth;
Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker."

Call not the names,
Nor think of the manes,
Of the hosts who have sunk by the weight of their crime;
God's mill works slow,
But He'll purge his floor,
The false from the pure, in His own good time.

Seward's unrest,
Devil possessed,
First spoke the satanic creed of the day;
For "Higher Law,"
Of Conscience—*or maw*,
In frenzy compared, with wild beasts of prey.

Conscience shall light
This "nigger" fight,
And bring on and off our glorious raid;
The devil may take
All not awake,
To freedom for all to all, "who's afraid."†

Seward's unrest,
Devil possessed,

† Seward's speech in the West.

Made the circuit of earth, in terror of hell;
Demons await him
To 'gratulate him
With the tingling and jingling "of that little bell."‡

No rest from sleep,
Conscience shall keep,
While you wander the earth, and dream of hell;
Make haste! stay not
While the furnace is hot,
Devils make toast, and love Seward well.

Than sell his good name,
And barter his fame,
Better had Davis been killed in he war—
Sold for poor pay,
Forty dollars a day,
By family ties, to bribe the poor debtor.

Fifty thousand a year,
No peddling to bear,
For his mere name, the good Lee was assailed.
"Just debts should be paid
Before gifts are made,"
Said Lee; and the great golden bait failed.

Gifts to Church or charity,
Life-surance for family,
When withholden, or stolen from creditor,
May buy cheap applause,
And cheat the State laws,
But will bear the guilt and the curse of Achor.

This life-surance plan
Now pays *one in ten*
Of its poor dupes with this very strong plea,
"Your debts you purloin,
We pay the same coin,
Our assets will not our officers pay."

Of the morals of Law,
Let its Chief, the Code draw;
Lord Brougham has said, "in discharge of duty,"
The lawyer knows but his clients,
To save them by all shifts,
And all costs and hazards to others defy.*

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‡Seward often used, and boasted of his "little bell" during the war.

*Extract from Lord Brougham's Speech—"An advocate in the discharge of his duty knows but one person in all the world, and that person is his client. To save that client by all means and expedients, and at all hazards and costs to

"To perform this duty,
All dire calamity,
And ruin and torment to others he bring,
He must not regard;
Not himself to be spared"—
This, the morals of Law, as spoke by its King.

"His duty to separate
The Patriot from Advocate,
He must go on, reckless of consequences,
Though his unhappy lot
(All Truth and Justice forgot,)
To involve his country in basest offences."

And this, the Lawyer's *sworn duty*,
Not Justice, and Truth, and Country,
But his Client's cause, whether ill or well,
By bribes and perjury,
Craft and chicanery,
And a tongue that is set on fire of hell.

And these, our Law Makers,
Judges and Counsellors,
Who hold our life, character, property,
Liberty, and country
In their own sole custody,
As the fox keeps the goose, the wolf her quarry.

The victims and number
Of Judicial murder
Will be revealed in the great Book of Fate;
The Judge and Advocate
Have passed to their fate
With a foretaste of the doom they await.†

Another Bible and God,
Constitution and Code,
Must be made and provided out of the wreck;
Old John Brown's cause,

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other persons, and among them to himself, is his first and only duty; and in performing this duty, he must not regard the alarm, the torment, the destruction he may bring upon others. *Separating the duty of a Patriot from that of an Advocate, he must go on, reckless of consequences, though it should be his unhappy lot to involve his country in confusion.*" Can anything surpass this in atrocious and audacious villany? "O, for a whip of scorpions, in the hands of every honest man, to lash the villian, naked, round the world."

†Jim Lane, and many other notorious characters, especially the murderers of Mrs. Surratt, have met terrible deaths, by madness and suicide, softening of the brain and insomnia.

All endorsed with applause,*
While their Saint went to rest with a rope round his neck.

See! last scene of legal farce,
Where, by fraud and lawless force,
Sustained by Judges of the Court Supreme,
Negroes and scalawags,
Yankees with carpetbags,
Conspire a President, while the world cries shame!

Poor Injustice Bradley,
As Umpire, acts badly,
The Patriot made blind by the Lawyers' bright fees;
By Lord Brougham's advice,
He commits crime for his case,
And his country involves in dire calamities.

Basest crime of the age
That blots History's page,
And renders our courts the scorn of honest men;
In his anger, God swears,
"Lawyers, Pharisees, Scribes,
Shall woe and wrath suffer, forever." Amen.‡

This act of infamy
Marks Yankee destiny,
Judas was a devil from his birth to his death;
From Plymouth Rock and land,
That soulless, selfish band
Live without Conscience or a claim to Truth.

They glory in disgrace,
With brass of cheek and face,
Nothing good or great for gold they won't betray;
"They make lies their refuge,
Under falsehood have they hid,"
Bound by one wish, one will, but to know "will it pay."

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* Yankee "new lights" in Religion think to serve *three masters*—God, and Mammon, and Mahomet—and substitute boastful profession for piety, brass of face and character for the grace of humility, the Mahometan *pledge* of abstinence from alcoholic drinks for the Christian *principle* of temperance, and love of self and pelf for patriotism—Mammon and Mahomet *win*. God save Christianity and the Country!

‡ Scribes, Pharisees and Lawyers were the chief persecutors and crucifiers of Christ, and the only persons specially denounced by him, in the bitterest words that passed his lips, as "Serpents and Vipers" And it is not difficult to fix upon the same classes *now*, as the office-holders and office-seekers, represented by politicians, political parsons and lawyers These same agitators and wranglers brought on the late war between the States, and all the evils that have followed. These same classes still hold power, and are amassing immense fortunes, living and fattening upon the ruin they have made of others; while the people are

This deed gave fatal thrust
To Honor, Truth and Trust.—
Genius of our early glory, to hide thy shame,
Go dwell four more years
In agony and fears,
Until redeemed, without blush, to own thy name.

The Republic, God save!
From its foes, fool and knave,
Who are bought and sold by bribes fraud and perjury;
May the Patriot fires
Of our honest old sires
Return and restore peace and integrity.

Not Brougham, the Pirate,
Nor Bradley, his sworn mate,
To rob the Soul's Trust and Treasure of Truth;
The Pettifogger ways
That piloted in Hayes,
Truth's tidal wave shall scourge and sweep North and South.*

Can Moody and Sankey
Remodel the Yankee,
And make an honest man out of the mass?
As before, this prayer fumbling,
And moral volcanic rumbling,
Forbode an irruption worse than the last.

Open-door, noon-day prayer
Looks like sham and a snare,
That "fit for treason, stratagem and spoil;"
Thereby came John Brown's raid,
Now, religious crusade,
Of priest-craft and crime, the climax of all.

Now, here's a strange thing
To think of and sing,
As Moses once sang, of "the horse and his rider,"
Devil Doctors are taught,
The Yankees to torture,
With white-heated irons upon the bare hide; ah!†

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getting poorer and poorer, and more and more powerless.

No country, governed by such characters, can escape confusion and strife and ruin.

*This prediction, made in March, 1877, was fulfilled in great measure before the end of the year. Upon the success of the first, this second prediction is ventured:

Before another centennial year, *Old* and *New England* will again be stealing negroes in Africa, and selling negro slaves to the Southern States of America.

†New York doctors seared the flesh over the spinal column of Wilson, V. P., with a white-heated iron

Insomnia, without pain,
Softening of the brain,
When before such disease as special judgment was found;
Men, godless and lawless,
Reach not the pit bottomless,
Ere the smoke of their torment is seen above ground.

In the world, physical,
Moral and social,
Evils, curses and crimes rankle and grow,
Fire can only cure
At the white-heat glow,
As ordained and ordered by God's higher law.

Reason and revelation
Appoint pain's duration,
The mode and measure that penance allot;
Who fears not God, nor man,
Fears not Death, but dreads pain
Here and hereafter, where the fire and worm die not.

If Wise, by Divine Law,
Had put the John Brown outlaw
To slow Hell-torture, by fire and brimstone,
Divine Justice would smile,
Fanatics rave awhile,
And war thus begun, right would have won, not might alone.

Fanatics and Fiends
Demand the same means,
To punish and purge the reprobate soul;
Unquenchable fire,
Decreed by God's ire,
Only can touch and teach demons so foul.

Poor, dear, old State,
It seems your fate,
To die of the Doctors, who tinker the Laws;
"Remorse! Remorse!"
Can't raise the corse,
Nor the Law-Doctors save from Hell's open jaws.

Alas! the nigger wars,
Near three-score years,
Have ruin wrought to the robbed and robbers;
The Golden Calf
Is God, and self
Supreme; greed and gain have made all brothers.

Now, prison walls can't keep
The goats from the sheep,
So all will be tarred with the same stick;
The State had best buy
Large brimstone supply,
And hire by the year old Governor Nick.‡

The last lines in jest,
To wind up the feast
Of ugly and awful things set before view;
Thank the gods, all the gods!
The Old State still has sons,
Above price, to purify and pilot her through.

March, 1877. VIRGINIUS.

Offences must come,
But woe by whom done,
It were better the man had not been born;
Fraud and perjury,
Like Judas' bribery,
God overrules, His own purpose to crown.

But hear of one good thing,
We should think of and sing,
That God's ways are wise, and not as man's ways;
Man proposes,
But God disposes,
Tilden was weak-kneed, and God willed us Hayes. *

February 14th, 1878. VIRGINIUS.

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‡Communism begins to show its front and fangs in the North, East and West and will cause some commotion in the coming times The little leven of "Old John Brownism" which was started and scattered on such rich and rotten soil, and soon spread to the size that inspired the National song—

"Old John Brown's body lies mouldering in his grave,
But his soul is marching on, hallelujah."

promises to produce abundant fruit, which may be realized and revealed in forms not thought of or expected; while in the Southern States formerly slave-holding, from which the negro slave was taken by violence, robbery and murder, and made a free citizen and voter, there will be found less crime of all kinds, and especially higher crimes; and a more conservative and peaceful state of society than can be found in either Old or New England, except when established and enforced by the strong and arbitrary arm of military power.

The impending storm is swiftly and surely coming; let all stand from under and seek shelter and safety.

*Sent as valentine to Mrs. Prest. R. B. Hayes.

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